

## Lucky by OTTSTF

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**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

*“How did I get so lucky?”*

# Lucky

## Author's Note:

So this entire fic randomly jumped into my mind as I thought of my late woofer, who was named as such. From happy memories of a borker comes a fluffy fic.

Oops? \\_(ツ)\_/

“How did I get so lucky?”

There they lay, on the sofa in the Wheeler basement, watching E.T. for her first time. Of course, the rest of the party practically demanded they wait until they were all together for her to watch it for the first time, but Michael absolutely cannot say no to her, no matter the case.

He's used to sudden questions from El, which is why he's not startled at all. No, not startled. This question has Mike confused.

“Huh?” is all he gets out, unsure of the context.

“How did I get so lucky?” she repeats simply.

“How do you mean?” Mike then asks, hoping for a bit of clarification.

“Meeting you.” she says. “So many people, but *you* found me. I could've met anybody – I could've met a mouth breather. *Or*, I could still be in the lab. But no. Here we are, together, watching E.T.”

Mike's taken back by the sudden ty of her point. She is right though; their meeting is a one in however-many-billions possibility. Yet here they are, laying in each-other's embrace.

“You're right...” he begins. “But here's my question: How did *I* get so lucky?”

“You think you're lucky? Because of me?” she asks, eyes widened.

“I'd be insane not to!” he blurts out immediately. “You're the most

amazing person I've ever met. The kindest, yet most truthful person. You're amazing, yet you choose to be here with me."

She ducks her head in a blush. "You think that, about me?"

"I know it, El. Without a doubt."

To say she's overwhelmed would be an understatement. The smile on her face is huge, and immediately contagious for Mike.

"What brought that on, anyway?" he finally asks, curiosity taken over.

"E.T." she says, as if it's the most obvious thing. "The men chasing them, it reminded me of us."

His eyes widen in panic. "Oh my god, El I'm so sorry, I didn't thi-

She shuts him up with a finger across his lips. "It's okay, Mike. I'm happy."

Mike stays quiet for a moment.

"Good." he eventually says. "Me too." he smiles.

That smile. All she can think about is how perfect that smile is. Instinct taking over, she plants a quick peck onto his lips.

"Love you, Mike."

Every time. Every damn time she says those words, it's like a glorious hit in the gut for him. It takes him a moment to recover, to finally speak through the actually slightly painful smile he wears.

"Love you too, El. So much."

And with that, she snuggles her head back into his chest as they continue watching the nearly forgotten E.T., to be found fast-asleep in this position later on by Nancy, who doesn't hesitate for a moment to snatch a camera and take some shots. Three, to be exact; knowing full well El would love a copy, Mike probably too, and herself,

*definitely*, the perfect image for some future blackmail.

**Author's Note:**

Thanks for reading ♥

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Feedback is a writer's drug. If you liked this, please consider dropping a kudo. If you've got the time, please consider dropping your thoughts in a comment!

Thanks either way! ♥